

OGLE

GIRLS WITH A GIGGLE

MAR. NO. 1 25¢

IT TAKES
TWO
TO MAKE
MANSFIELD



1957
FATTY GIRL
CALENDAR



JANE RUSSELL
GETS A LOAD
OFF HER CHEST



OGLE AWARDS

Sandra Shane was
elected "Most
Outstanding In Her
Development Of Props"
by OGLE'S highly partial
award board because of
her curtain design.



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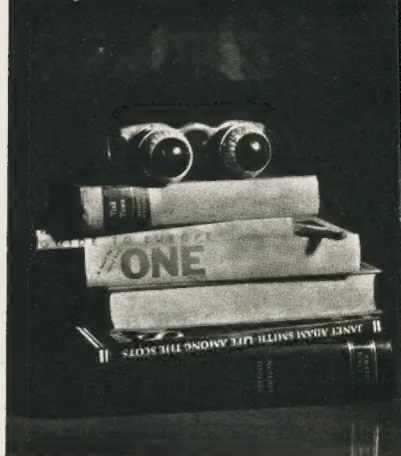
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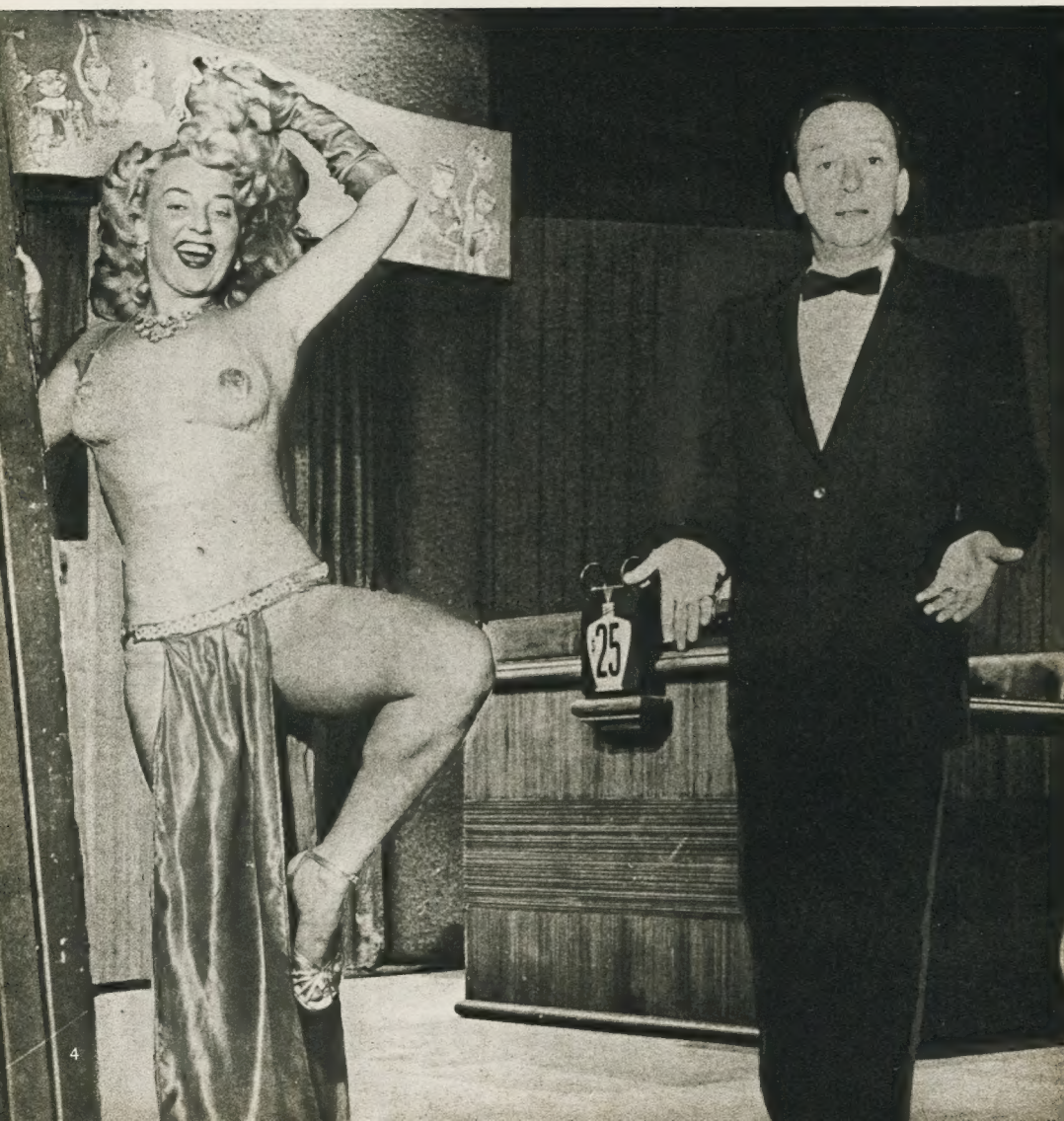
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WHAT'S HER

LINE?



It was a mystery how
 anyone could have missed Jayne's
 occupation; it stuck way
 out all over her. But
 she learned it sure doesn't
 take much to pull
 the whole panel into a hole



Bennett wanted to shake with Jayne immediately; she said, "After the show."

JOHN: You know how to play the game, Miss Ba Zoom?
 JAYNE: Call me Jayne, honey. I should know how to play the game.
 Maybe I could give you a few lessons.
 JOHN: Droll. Very droll. You're droll.
 JAYNE: Gee, baby, and you just met me.
 JOHN: You've met the panel. We'll go on with the game. Anybody
 for a free guess? And I said droll, not drool or doll.
 ARLENE: She operates a garbage truck?
 DOROTHY: She operates a bread box?
 BENNETT: She opewates? Vewy dwoll, wight?
 JOHN: Wong, er, wrong. Now for the questioning. Margaret?
 MARGARET: Is it a service men would appreciate?
 JAYNE: You're so right. Servicemen appreciate me.
 BENNETT: Do you work at night? Get paid by the job?



Arlene got embarrassed about it



Bennett got excited, fell out of his chair as Jayne entered. John stood to get a better view, asked Jayne to put her things on the desk.



Dorothy wanted to trade jobs with her; Bennett hoped that she would.





Panel was in the dark as Jayne took off a few things to stay comfortable in heat; Bennett, in heat also, wanted to slip into something comfortable.



Out of the hole now, Bennett looks relieved, smiles in anticipation as Jayne prepares to reveal mystifying clue that will further clarify her background.



"We should have known all along! Anyone shakes like that would have to be a salami stuffer!" yelled Margaret.

"Wrong again," said John, flipping a card, "but you're getting hot."

"You're tewwing me!" said Ben, eyeing Jayne.

JAYNE: Trafalger 1-32049, baby. On call all the time.

ARLENE: Really. Is it bigger than a bread box? Does it stretch?

JAYNE: You tell her stop insulting me.

JOHN: From where I'm sitting, it is impossible to ascertain fully the dimensions of the circumscribed nuclei of the frammisian, although those depths may have been probed within the limits of the stellar constellations, valcular construction is highly probable, relatively speaking.

BENNETT: Why don't you shut your fat mouth?

JOHN: Try and make me.

JAYNE: Were you talking to me, honey?

JOHN: Very droll.

BENNETT: Vewy dwoll, vewy dwoll. Why doesn't he shut his fat mouth?

ARLENE: Do you work with your hands? Do you squeeze things?

JAYNE: Oh, oh! You're getting hot.

JOHN: Conference. We'll be back in ten minutes. (Hour

"It takes real talent to prolong the game for seven hours, but our panel can make anything drawn out; when you're working with an old pro like Jayne, it's really a pleasure," meaning gratification derived from what is to one's liking," said John. "I hope she'll come again sometime soon," said Bennett.



What with time out for conferences offstage with John and Bennett, the program lasted for seven hours. Here Jayne prepares to confer with John, while Bennett gets sore, figuring it's his turn. Jayne's getting even more sore and not under the collar.

passes.)

BENNETT: You look tired, John boy. And you're drolling.

JOHN: Shut your fat mouth. She uses her hands once in awhile. And it's bigger than a bread box.

JAYNE: Who's next?

BENNETT: Me! Haven't I see you in police court?

JAYNE: Next question.

ARLENE: I think I know. Did you come with your husband tonight?

JAYNE: You tell her mind her own business; that was not my husband, it was my boss.

JOHN: Within the realm of speculation, interrogation of the fershlugginer frammissan is inversely proportionate to the atonal quality.

DOROTHY: Smell you.

ARLENE: Do men run carrying long poles?

JAYNE: You're so right.

ARLENE: Lucky girl.

MARGARET: In other words, huh? Do you work with men's figures?

JAYNE: That's it.

BENNETT: Indoors?

JAYNE: No, I prefer working outside.

JOHN: Conference.

BENNETT: Dammit, it's my turn. I'm getting sore.

JAYNE: You're sore.

DOROTHY: Would I enjoy doing this?

JAYNE: I don't know if you could take it.

ARLENE: Is there a bar involved where you work?

JAYNE: Yes. The men come flying across the bar constantly.

DOROTHY: Have you done this in Yankee Stadium at night?

JAYNE: Yes!

BENNETT: I got it. You're a time keeper for pole vault events at track meet and you keep track of the records in your spare time. Right?

JOHN: Well, we did your best to fool them, Jayne. Better luck next time on the synthesis of the ocular dimension. Copasetic?

JAYNE: Shut your fat mouth and give me the fifty bucks!

BENNETT: Dwooll. Vewy dwooll. •



PIN-UP PUZZLE

It'll take shear will-power for all you cut-ups to hold a steady hand while pasting this deal together. But it'll be worth the effort!



READY to go? Got your scissors? Okay, start cutting! Ouch, be careful around that bare skin and that hair! You want me in one piece, don't you? Use rubber cement (it's safest and gives more bounce to the ounce) and a cardboard shirt-backing. As you lay me on the cardboard, slide me into place gently. Let the rubber cement dry on me even if it oozes out between my joints. It'll then rub off with a finger touch. Oooh, please! I bruise easily. Now I'm with you! •

You puzzle fans (and who isn't when it's this pleasant) be sure to catch the next issue of **OGLE!** The puzzle alone will be worth the admission!

WHAT'S NEW IN BEDS?

RECKLESS YOUNG MEN are each day purchasing beds by the hundreds (one each, usually) without giving sufficient forethought to what they really *want* in a bed. That's something to sleep on.

To remedy this situation, which is producing a record number of sore backs and stiff joints, due to insufficient sleep in these improperly equipped beds, OGLE has called upon J. Smorken Bigjohn, one of America's leading bed and mattress experts, to list the assets a properly made bed should have. OGLE does this as a public service to the young men of the nation who have been uncaring or merely careless about whose bed they get into. Here's what Mr. Bigjohn has to say.

"I've been in and out of just about every bed you can buy in the world. In my opinion France may be a bit ahead of us. Their models seem to have more spring, yet are firm and allow you plenty of rest. But America has much to offer in beds. And believe me, I know what's good in a bed.

"Jump right in as a primary test. If there is a lot of



Twin beauties have scalloped edges; cushions are furnished.



Single model is especially soft, is little trouble to make.

Shopping for a bed? Here are some beds you should know about. They're easy to jump on, sleep on, springy and very easy to make.



Blonde headboard and brown footboard offer interesting contrast in this model. Note pleasantly textured spread.

This model is well padded, has creak-proof joints comes in choice of bleached blonde or wild cherry headboards.

Innersprings will contribute more bounce to the ounce. Test them before buying one.

give and you hear the mattress squeak and the thing groans under your weight, don't give up. It's not necessarily a bad bed. A board underneath may give the support you need.

"Also, test the cushions on the thing. These are important. The head must be properly pillowed, or you'll get a very restless night's sleep. Squeeze them; they should spring back into shape instantly. Foam rubber is often used today but, personally I prefer the old-fashioned type. See if the store will allow you a time trial to really test one of the new models out. You should sleep on it for a week. If at the end of the week it's wearing well and there's still plenty of spring action in the double mattress, you may rest assured you won't be losing any sleep."

Thank you, Mr. Bigjohn. OGLE'S personal shopping department has tested and approved all of the models pictured herein. See them wherever beds are for sale. Tell them OGLE sent you. •



The bachelor's apartment would do well to be equipped with this lounge model; makes a fine gift for college-bound lad.



Bare lines but extremely functional spread of sleeping space mark this blonde leather model. Note padded buttons.

Varsity Ogles



An American meets an elderly Britisher in a sporting club: A: Care for a game of checkers? B: No, tried it once, didn't like it. A: Care for a game of chess? B: No, tried it once, didn't like it. A: Care for a game of tennis? B: No, but my son will play with you. A: Your only child?

Then there's the one about the two elderly Britishers who meet in a sporting club after not having seen each other for three years: 1st: I say, did you hear what happened to good old Chummley? 2nd: No? 1st: He went to Africa and took up with a gorilla. 2nd: I do say, is the old boy queer? 1st: No, it was a female gorilla!

Daughter: I'll never marry a man who snores. Mother: Yes, dear, but be careful how you find out.

Hear about the photographer who specializes in shooting girls on windy days? He gets excellent clothes ups.

A look at the bra ads will convince you that honesty is no longer the bust policy.

"What did you do when Jim tried to kiss you?"
"Believe me, I gave him a mouthful!"

She: Everything I do seems to be wrong.
He: What are you doing tonight?

Captain: I'll bet you wish I were dead so you could spit on my grave.

Private: No, sir, I hate to stand in line.

Customer: What's on the menu?

Waitress: Rhubarb, roast beef, rib roast and radishes.

Customer: You certainly roll your r's.

Waitress: It's the high heels I'm wearing that does it.

Two burly cannibals captured a beautiful young girl and brought her before the chief. He looked her over casually, yawned and said, "I believe I'll breakfast in bed this morning."

This may be the machine age but love is still made by hand.

"I'm losing my punch," said the broad, hurriedly leaving the party.

A bride who recently returned from her honeymoon was asked by a friend if she had a good time. "Wonderful," she cooed, "I didn't think you could have so much fun without laughing."

"Now, son," said the infuriated father, "tell me why I punished you." "That does it," piped the son, "First you pound the hell out of me and then you ask me why you did it."

Sam was walking down the street with a Bible under his arm when he met his pal, Bill. "Where you heading?" asked Bill. "Well, I've been hearing so much about New Orleans, pretty girls, strip shows, free-flowing liquor and them extra fast women," said Sam, "I'm going down and give it a whirl." "But why the Bible," asked Bill. "If it's as good as they say it is," said Sam, "I might stay over Sunday."

Many a girl walks back from an automobile because she doesn't like the make.

Anyone can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw up a hand.

"So you had a date with a navy man?" "No, I tore my dress on a nail."

She was only a gearmaker's daughter, but she could outstrip them all.

She was only a horseman's daughter but all the horse-men knew 'er.

It's hard for a guy with a curvy girl to stay on the level.

"What did the usherette say when her strap broke?"
"I dunno, what did old Sally say?"
"I have two down front."

She: Please hold my hand.
He: One thing at a time, baby, one thing at a time.

Girl: Why marry Henry? He's such an everyday sort?
Friend: What more do you want out of a man?

"My girl got a new car."
"Chevrolet?"
"Naw."



PICTURE

Want to be a hot-shot, big-time rinky-doo photographer? Here's how to do it.



TAKING

Get yourself a camera. That's important. Then you may want to buy film, although—



MADE

—even more important is the model. For some more scoop on how to handle models, turn page.



EASY?





Props are important to a model, such as huge spires.



Realism is key today; make sure all the props are genuine.

BEING A BIG-TIME photographer isn't all it's cracked up to be. We gave it a whirl the other day, dragging our photographic equipment over to Meg Myles' place. Meg is a gal whose equipment photographs well so it was a good arrangement. Meg is one grand model but she got a bit suspicious when we began banging away at her as soon as we entered the room.

"Are you sure there's film in the camera?" she asked, inhaling once more at our request.

She had us there. By golly, we *had* forgotten something, hadn't we? "Do you make your own developments?" she asked as we got under way once more. We asked the same of her and for some reason she gave us a severe glance known in less polite circles as a dirty look. Without further ado-de-do, she began removing external garb. "You want a complete picture story, don't you?" she asked.

We saw her point immediately. We set the camera at F-44 and began shooting, hoping the picture-session wouldn't be a bust. But the results are shown. We tried to get Meg to supervise our development in the darkroom but she claimed little knowledge of darkroom work. Any offers to instruct her? •



Phone shouldn't stop you; keep shooting!



It takes finesse to follow (without breaking into a gallop or sprint) a lovely model like Meg Myles into the bath. Keep saying "smile" and keep monkeying with your camera. Doing legit things like this and sticking your foot in the door will insure your welcome.

Models look up to photog who stays on top of his job.



Don't let her get away from you, follow her everywhere.



"Easy come, easy go," she said.

It's Fun Down

"I went down under with this luscious mermaid

MY NAME IS Jacque LeCrocque. I'm an underwater explorer. Perhaps you have read my book, "Shark Fighting Can Be Fun." Or saw the movie I made last year, "Love Secrets Of The Octopi." It was heavily censored, of course. One of the parts they cut out was where an octopus tried to make love to Sarah Spassem, the expedition's secretary, but I veer from my course. Suffice to say, Sarah has since taken to midnight swims in the local aquarium. She also finds electric eels delightful companions. Most shocking, eh? But as you Americans say, there is no accounting for tastes. This is particularly true of Frenchman, of which I am one.

For instance, let me regale you with a delightful story of my frolic with a Macassar Straits mermaid I met during my



"What are you pulling off?" I asked nervously.



"All us mermaids are soggy types."

Under!

and had a very wet time of it, sloshing around in briny depths feeling around for her treasure chest."

last deep-sea expedition. I, of course, have pictures here to show you which prove all that I say is true. Whoops, *those* are, how you say, French postcards. Delightful, no? But *these* are the proper pictures. Quite tame by a French diver's standards, but to the point of my story.

You see, we were searching for the treasure of that famous British pirate, Sir - uh - what's-his-name? It doesn't matter, eh? The point is, there was a locked box in the deep and I was out to find it. At Macassar I went over the side, diving deep into the briny. I hit bottom at forty fathoms.

Then another bottom appeared. A false bottom? But no. It was a mermaid, and unlike any I had ever seen before. Instead of the usual tail, this one had two delightful fins, not



"I must go check out my lobster traps. Will you excuse me?" she asked. I floundered for an answer.

"Now let's get to the bottom of this," she said. "Shouldn't I come up for air?" I asked. But she grew tired of my carping.

"Please don't be a wet blanket," she said. But it was much too deep for me. I had to pull out of there speedy-like."



The whole setup looked extremely fishy from where I sat.



I was sure there was a treasure chest around there someplace.



unlike the usual female members. It was a very strange tail and we struck up a conversation immediately and I told her the tale of the tail and how it varied from the usual. Of course, her other appendages were perfectly normal for a mermaid.

She led me a merry chase when I questioned her about the box for which I was searching. During the chase she divested herself of what raiment she wore, the better to swim, I imagined. The longer I looked at this strange creature, the more I had the feeling that something was up. Suddenly I realized what it was as I felt for my diving equipment. My oxygen was going! I would have to work fast in order to determine if my mermaid was hiding the jewels. I reached for her, trying to tease her into a chase, figuring she would make a dash for the treasure chest.

At the start she would not swim away, not fearing me and she seemed to want to play. I played. After all, I am first a Frenchman, second a diver. She seemed to know this, and lured me on. My French blood raced. As we dallied I peered downward. The box! I saw the box for which I was looking! I lunged for it and so did she. Our heads knocked together as we reached the opening at the same time! It was a struggle. She did get in. I followed, holding onto her tail. The rest is history. Jewels? No.

Treasure? Yes. The treasure was the mermaid. Her name? Sarah. Sarah Spassem. In the dark underwater regions my eyes had deceived me and so had Sarah. The octupi lovers had taught her the tricks of living in the deep and their many-membered charms pleasure-hypnotized her into staying. I trussed Sarah with strong seaweed and returned to the ship with her, but not before a life and death struggle with her octopus lover ensued. She never forgave me although we have been married for many years now. She still pays her midnight visits to the aquarium and slips into Long Island Sound whenever she can leave the children. Yes, one of them has four arms and four legs. Let me show you the pictures. But must you leave now? •



She wasn't fooling. That chest was full. I could tell by the pinky ring she was flashing. Where had she hidden the jewels?



Finally, by tailing her, I found her treasure box. She sat on it, pretending that I hadn't seen it. Then she got into it in an escape attempt. I forced my way into the box; it was a tight squeeze. It was sad it had to end in that way.

We Accuse JANE

RUSSELL!

Exposed! The real secret behind Jane's false front! OGLE tells what she's been really covering up!



Below, agent Joe Smith holding secret of Jane's success.

NOSIREEE, BOB! You can't fool good old Joe Smith, OGLE'S secret agent in charge of exposing false fronts. Jane Russell's top secret probably would have stayed undercover for many more moons if it hadn't been for Joe, who buys his groceries at the same Beverly Hills store that Bob (Jane's hubby) and Jane shop at. He first got suspicious when he overheard Bob say under his breath, "I'm getting tired of drinking grapefruit juice. Why don't you switch to cantaloupes for a change?"

"Well," said Jane, "I suppose cantaloupe would last longer, though. But they'd be heavy to carry around."

"What the heck," Bob said, "buy the grapefruit. It's just that I hate to see them go to waste. Couldn't you use *canned* grapefruit?" Jane thought that was a pretty tin joke.

Agent Joe Smith wouldn't have thought too much more about that conversation if he hadn't seen Jane buying grapefruit only after inspecting them with a tape measure. Then the clerk asked if he should deliver the groceries, and she said, "No, I'll wear them home," before catching herself suddenly.

That was the tipoff. Sneaking onto a film set, Joe grabbed two handfuls of groceries from Jane and ran. The evidence is above. Jane has since gone straight (above), for which vitamin-C-cup hating Bob is thankful. •



Unable to go on with deception, Jane smiles bravely, hoping to distract attention from stolen grapefruit by scratching herself. It is pretty cheeky of her to try that stunt.

Unretouched photo shows Jane caught off-guard on set of new flick, "On Whom The Bells Told." "Girl" on right is actually OGLE'S secret agent, Joe Smith, sent to uncover the real story of Jane's success; note clever disguise.



Dreadfully bored by the present crop of women?
 Jaded with 36-24-36? Don't despair. Dr. Joe Smith
 has come up with the brand new 1957 off-beat, streamlined
 hydromatic, low-slung line, guaranteed to satisfy.

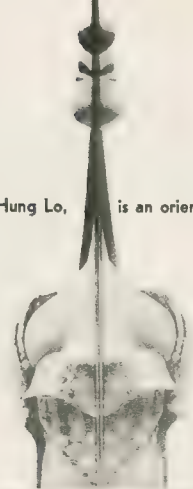
WHAT'S NEW

RAKES, ROUES, AND IVAN JEROME fan club members, weary of the conventional feminine delights, recently banded together at a giant conclave held at the Sodom-Gomorrah Town Hall in Greenwich Village, New York, with the purpose in mind of commissioning Joe Smith, noted plastic surgeon and former vice-presidential candidate, to create a new line of women. In short order, five million dollars was raised for the project and James Dean and Elvis Presley fan club members volunteered their services and female appendages for the experiments. The rest is history. Here for the first time is a pictorial record of what was accomplished by good old Joe, who probably would have made the best president in charge of vice this country has ever known. But, philosophically, Joe says, "That's the way she goes. Politics may make strange bedfellows but my own taste runs to women and plastic surgery makes strange bed-women, as any fool can plainly see." He's right, all right. We see. The new 1957 models shown on these pages have been tested by the editors of OGLE'S good house-keeping department and merit our coveted seal of approval, heretofore awarded only to Rita Hayworth, Pat Ward, King Farouk, and Elvis Presley. All new models are equipped with powerglide, self-lubrication, twin carburetors, new paint jobs and supercharged automatic blowers. Upholstery is *guaranteed* not to be foam rubber. You pays your money and takes your choice. Live it up a little!

Right, quality and quantity are offered in this well-upholstered model; perfect for the man who has everything. Comes in choice of many colors.



Chinese model, Won Hung Lo, is an oriental favorite.



IN WOMEN?



Ideal date for Siamese twins: lovely Lola Lochnees.

Trade in your old girl on one of these new hotsy-totsy models while they last! Why be content with



Left, this slim-waisted beauty thinks much, says little, is perfect date for eggheads who enjoy doing all of the talking. When it comes to romance, however, she's really a bust.



Sarah Cyclops, right, is fine girl for a good listener; she's windy, has a fine pair of lungs, talks a lot, thinks not at all, has a bad habit of talking when her mouth is full.



Left, many men can't see this model, but it's mutual. Her extremely hairy ears cause her to be hard of hearing, the butt of asinine jokes, but she is good-humored and takes it all right in her stride.

normal dames?

Joe Smith's piece de resistance is this 1957 super deluxe model who offers everything desired and some not even thought about till now. The all-around man will particularly enjoy her company. She has a tendency to sit down on the job and her clothes are expensive, but is an ideal companion for sloppy housekeeper who needs woman to roughly take him in hand.





Left, a wrist watch
is not proper with
formal evening wear.

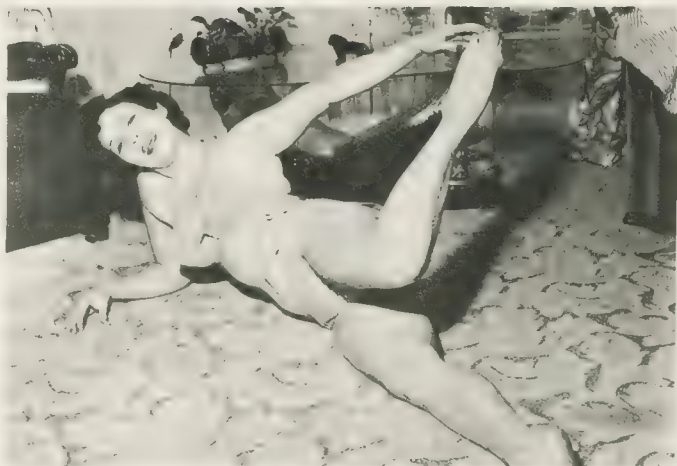
BANNED IN BOSTON

Are you busy boning up hard
on etiquette for the winter
social season in Palm Springs?
Terribly common social errors!



Don't hook thumbs in belt when standing around nonchalantly.

SEVEN common social errors, illustrated for clarity are banned in Boston. OGLE, ever on the lookout for a public service to be performed has assembled on these pages this most objected-to group of social errors, as outlined by Miss Emma McCrum, proxy prexy of the Boston Banning Bund. Said Emma: "We are all slobs once in awhile but in Boston it's a sin, so watch your chicken-plucking step when you waltz into this burg, buddy. We're particularly particular about the niceties of dress. With us it's the details that help to make a woman either well-dressed or help to make a woman—" At this juncture, we had to take leave of Miss McCrum. And she was only wearing *one* at the time. A Boston development, we felt sure. •



Fiddling with design in rug is sign of nervousness and that you are ill at ease. Don't!



When offering brandy, for crying out loud fill the glass up to the top!



Hair's a dilly! Left, don't mess with your hair!



Before sitting down, it's not necessary to bow to host.

Social boor? Just follow these illustrated tips and you'll be welcome in almost any nudist camp, any gathering. Try, and see!



Never never wear dress with a frayed hem!

Dora Lee Club

P. O. Box 3516

Chicago 54, Illinois

All Lonely Men! Regardless of Age!

Let Dora Lee find the girl of your dreams. Have no fear—we have her—and she is registered in our files, just waiting for you.

Remember This as long as you live:

There's a Jack For Every Jill

We have the most up-to-date equipment in existence for making a happy union. And we know we have developed a system that is years ahead of the times.

We are the originators of the Famous Matching Chart, and we have been so successful that people have requested that we make this opportunity available to all.

Please draw a ring around yes or no.

Does it annoy you to be interrupted when talking?	Yes	No
Are you happy most of the time?	Yes	No
Do you like pets?	Yes	No
Do you like city life?	Yes	No
Do you like the country?	Yes	No
Have you ever been in love?	Yes	No
Do you have happy memories of a previous love?	Yes	No

Your Name Age.....

Address

City Zone State.....

Now it depends on you. Write us a confidential letter about yourself and also send questionnaire to

DORA LEE CLUB

P. O. Box 3516, CHICAGO 54, ILLINOIS
(cont'd. on page 37)



"Didn't you forget something?"

Wherein the editor takes you on another inside OGLE personal adventure; come along! Chita has just climbed out of the sack.

Our Editor At Work

I WAS WORKING the day watch out at OGLE'S New York office keeping a close eye on Chita Rivera, hoping to come up with a hot story. My job: peeping tom. Case in point: these pictures. I admit I usually get carried away by my work but this time I really lost my head. I spent a good part of the day with Chita and looked into things from every angle. She's a real homebody, and let me tell you I would have liked to take that body home with me. But see for yourself what I'm talking about. •

She wasn't talking. It called for heads-up work.
Someone started screaming about blue suede shoes.



"What do you usually eat for breakfast?" I politely asked Chita.





What a frilly dame. I wondered what she was covering up.



Just looking at her made my blood boil. The stove helped,



I had enough of this potting around, was ready for business.



For a couple of angles the story began to be interesting.



She kept asking, "Are you sure you're all there?" Finally, her appeals got to me. I decided it was impolite to keep sticking my neck out without so much as a hat on.



From my point of view this gal has everything. As head man for OGLE, I'm in a position to know whereof I speak.



Chita kept singing "All Of Me", until I finally decided to give her a break by getting all the way in. Note response.

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Aberdeen 28, Washington

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Mail Dollar Bill. Will send large list of names and addresses of opposite sex, and you can write them at once. Also list you in our club and many members should write you first. Give description of mate desired. Write race only.

NAME	Age
Address	City
State	Height
Color Eyes	Weight
Nationality	Religion
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Large Selection of Names, Addresses, Pictures and Descriptions. \$1.00 Postpaid.

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300 PRETTY GIRLS \$1

Mail \$1 for 300 names and addresses of pretty, single, lonely nurses, teachers, models, widows, farmerettes, etc., ages 18 to 22, that you will be happy to know! Nationwide! Opportunity Knocks! Please Answer! Yours Truly,

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Looking For Romance?

Send your description, age and type of person you desire, along with \$1.00, and we will send you complete names and addresses of many of the opposite sex and place your name on our membership list. You should receive many letters.

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Get in the swim . . .

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Meet new friends and pen-pals. We introduce you to others who are lonely too. Send description and \$1.00 for up-to-date list and full details.

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DOG FASHIONS



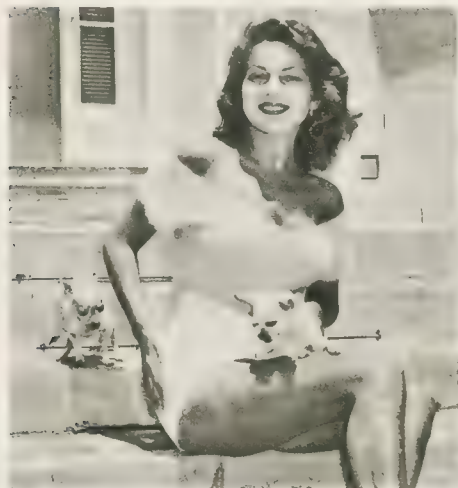
We're not putting on the dog now, just wondering why.
Why are certain breeds of dogs more in fashion
and demand with buxom beauties than others?
Here's why, the lucky dogs—

Meg Myles gets a buss from her pet gefrankenterfer
hund, often used in mountain-climbing.



Does your mistress ever stroke your long
silky ears, you gay old dog, you?

IT'S A DOG-EAT-DOG world for most people. But not for dogs. At least not the dogs you see *here*. They're happier than clams, which is hard for a dog to engineer. And when people say to them, "Don't you get tired of leading a dog's life?", they just wag their tails and leer. This kind of a dog's life *we'd* like to lead. In fact, we'll trade girls with them. After all, *our* girl is a *real* dog. We'd like to be in the dog house with these dog-owners, anytime. Their mistresses (and we use the term in its best sense) seem to have no objection to being pawed and obviously the dogs enjoy their part in being petted by the gals. Like to trade places with any of these pooches, you young pups out there? Or are we barking up the wrong tree? •



Chee wow wow! Abbe Lane gets her kicks from lap dogs.



Jayne Mansfield toys with a very happy toy terrier.

The Fatty Girl

Fatty Girl calendar pictures posed especially for OGLE by Thelma Pelish, starring in Broadway's "Pajama Game."



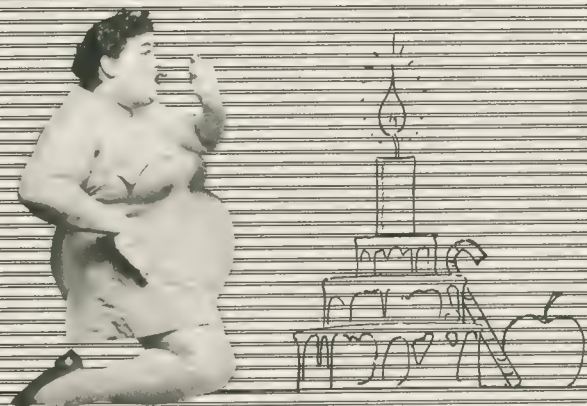
January 1957

S M T W T F S

	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31				

This month starts a brand new year
And I've resolved to lay off beer,
But it's not beer makes me shake,
It's a little weeny guy named Jake!

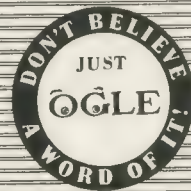
The Fatty Girl



February 1957

S M T W T F S

				1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28				



I love George and I love Abe
And I love to hear 'em call me Babe.
Cause they squeeze me 'till I hurt,
With those boys I love to flirt!



March 1957

J	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1 2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24 31	25	26	27	28	29	30

When March winds blow, wild oats I sow,
Cause now I go with a guy named Joe,
He tickles all my avoirdupois,
Together we make beautiful noise!



April 1957

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1 2 3 4 5 6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

My knees are wet, my knees are cold,
And how I love the boys who're bold,
This month my date is a boy named Sammy,
How I wish his hands weren't clammy!



May 1957

S M T W T F S

1 2 3 4

5 6 7 8 9 10 11

12 13 14 15 16 17 18

19 20 21 22 23 24 25

26 27 28 29 30 31

MAYbe I will, MAYbe I won't,
But I'm a girl never says don't,
So if you're strong and if you're wise,
Give me a call, I'm kinda nice!



June 1957

S M T W T F S

1

2 3 4 5 6 7 8

9 10 11 12 13 14 15

16 17 18 19 20 21 22

23 24 25 26 27 28 29

30

If you're going to take a dip,
Let me give you a little tip,
Before you jump into the sea,
Call me up and dive with me!



July 1957

S M T W T F S

1 2 3 4 5 6

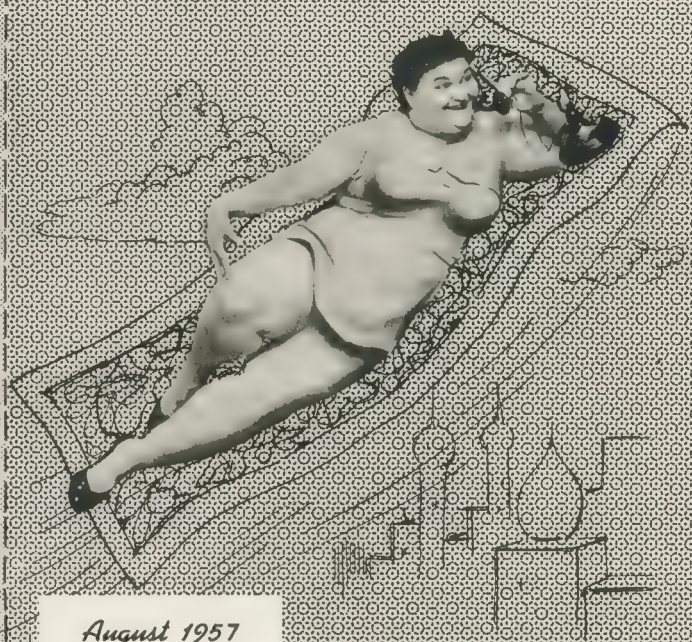
7 8 9 10 11 12 13

14 15 16 17 18 19 20

21 22 23 24 25 26 27

28 29 30 31

On the Fourth I love those crackers,
I find that none of them are slackers.
The ones I mean all come from Georgia
With their smoochin' they sure scorch yal



August 1957

S M T W T F S

1 2 3

4 5 6 7 8 9 10

11 12 13 14 15 16 17

18 19 20 21 22 23 24

25 26 27 28 29 30 31

In all this heat I'd love to fly
Right through that Eastern sky,
To find a little man in Persia
Who'd help me satisfy that urg-al

The Fatty Girl



September 1957

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

It's a long time from May to Sept.
For a big woman who's never been kept.
So if yer well and ain't got colic,
Call me up and let's us frolic!

The Fatty Girl



October 1957

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

You boys from Texas who like 'em big,
How 'bout dancing a square-dance jig?
I'm real ready and I'm real hep,
To step with me ya gotta have pep!



The Fatty Girl



November 1957

S M T W T F S

1 2

3 4 5 6 7 8 9

10 11 12 13 14 15 16

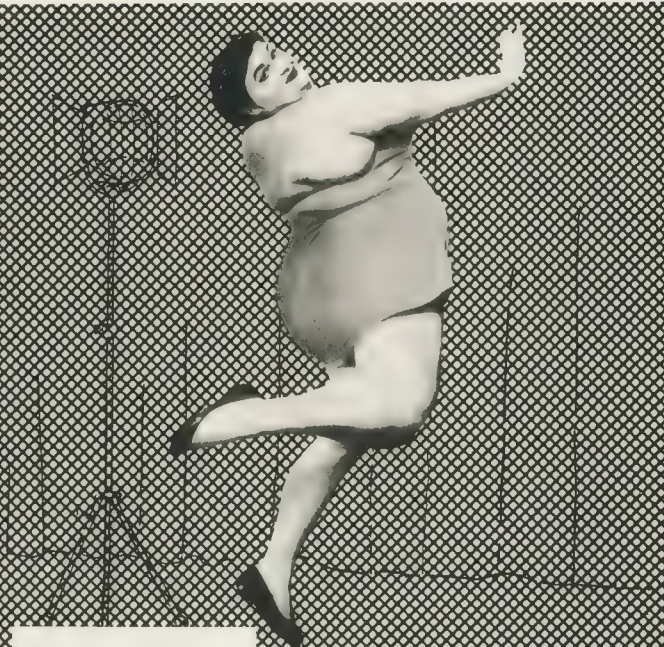
17 18 19 20 21 22 23

24 25 26 27 28 29 30

Bon-bons and sodas I do treasure
But other things can give me pleasure,
Did someone say joys of the flesh?
Could it be you're getting fresh.



The Fatty Girl



December 1957

S M T W T F S

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

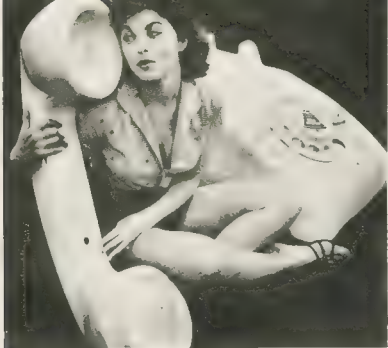
8 9 10 11 12 13 14

15 16 17 18 19 20 21

22 23 24 25 26 27 28

29 30 31

If Santa Claus is here to stay,
To my house he'll come, I pray.
I'll do my best to make him happy,
But first I'll have to get rid of pappy.



"Big talk never impresses me!"

Why Tiny (?)

Tina Likes Big Men!

Tina Louise makes like a giant's housewife and then like his baby doll. Anyone available to satisfy her?



TINA LOUISE, currently to be seen in Broadway's hit play, "Lil Abner", is not what we would describe as a small girl. She's big in show biz reputation, tall in stature and measures abundantly where it counts. So it comes as no surprise to us that she has a fondness for large men. They look well with her. But where to stop at largeness can become a problem. We sneaked her into a giant's home the other day (Paul Bunyan, I think he said his name was. He was touring Canada at the time) and got these exclusive pictures as she romped among the big man's possessions. Funny thing is, Paul is having a tough time finding the right woman. He just can't take the average woman and they can't stomach him. It's just one of those things. The average American woman is a misfit where a giant is concerned. But Tina is willing to go along with the gag because in truth she admires a big man. Whether Paul would be too big for her remains to be seen. It would be fun getting together with Paul, Tina admits, but she secretly wonders if a gal could end up being happy with a giant. It would mean continually looking up to him and there might be big problems arising if it ever came to marriage. "I believe I could take most of the really big problems right in my stride," she said coyly, "but I'd want to be sure he was a tame giant of a man. I like 'em big, but they should be gentle. And wouldn't he be hungry most of the time? It would be a job cooking for a giant. And didn't that giant in Jack And The Beanstalk end up eating *people*? Could you imagine a giant eating *me*?"

We admitted that was a terrifying possibility, all right, all right. But secretly, we couldn't think of a more luscious dish if we had cannibalistic inclinations. Could you? •



"I'm enchanted by the Giant in that story about Jack and his beanstalk."

"It's a passion with me, I guess. A big man seems to have so much to offer a girl."



"I guess a big man gives me a feeling of protectiveness."



"A giant of a man would be Grade A with me all the way."



"But do you think I have what it takes to please a giant?"

"I'm so small."



"Would a giant man look upon me as a baby or as a real live woman?"



"I get a kick out of especially big men. Do you know any?"

"Big boy, what would you say?"

GUESS WHO?

Are you as observant as the average American male? Do you ogle all those luscious, succulent women by the piece as well as by the whole? In that case you should certainly have a discerning eye and score at least three out of four. For the answers, see page 56.



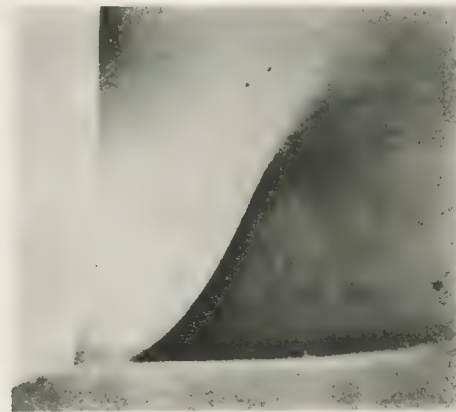
Clue 1: This gal will stop for a buss at a moment's notice.



Clue 2: Goddess of love was elected queen of nudists.



Clue 3: This number insisted on marrying a man of steel.



Clue 4: Her photographer-mate loves to shoot her nude.

SUCCESS-

STORY



The pool matched Danny's profile,
but the dame matched his mood.

By Ted Lee

DANNY MANN'S FATHER chuckled to himself, remembering how the psychiatrists' report about Danny used to worry him. He looked to his right. On the rolling lawn, Danny and Emma and a man from the network were seated around a marble table with a striped umbrella over it. Behind Danny, a well-developed young girl in a scantily red bathing suit leaned over him and ran her hands over his bare chest and through his thick black hair, worn long with heavy, theatrical-looking sideburns. Occasionally, the girl sipped from the drink he held in his hand.

Ben Mann stood and admired the ocean view. The gently heaving sea and the brightness of the warm June day combined to push a memory into his mind.

It was like this that day in June of 1948. Emma and me and Danny at Coney and it was Sunday and crowded. We looked for Danny but he wasn't anywhere around. Then the screams began coming from the women's bath house. When we got there Danny was naked, handcuffed, and two policemen were holding him. They said he had followed a woman into the locker room and

raped her in front of other women. And Danny just stood there and grinned like an ape, like he was happy about it.

Because he was so young he only got eight months at that boys' correctional school. The report they sent me said he would need psychiatric care for a long time.

Well, to become as big a man as Danny you got to be a little nuts. Besides, who had money for that nonsense in those days. If we had sent Danny to a psychiatrist then he'd probably never be where he is today.

He walked over to the table on the lawn. The girl in the bathing suit sat in Danny's lap, stroking his muscular bare chest. Danny put his arms around her, clasped his hands and rippled his muscles.

"Look, buddybow," Danny said to the network executive, "a guest shot on *anybody's* show by Danny Mann will boost ratings. Particularly when it's my debut and you know it! We're going to do this show my way, or we don't do it!"

The network man sat tall and erect.

"I was just thinking that if we open with you and the girl in the pool," he said pointing to the concrete swim-

Psychiatrist's reports warned that Danny was dangerous

ming pool molded into the shape of Danny Mann's profile, "you'll be dripping wet through the whole show. And we shouldn't open with you and the young lady together anyway."

"She's president of Danny's Long Island fan club," Danny's mother volunteered, "and he wants her in the show." Mrs. Mann, permanently cast as her son's chief defender, was flat-featured, stocky, and had a penchant for wearing too much jewelry and blue-dyed hair.

"Yeah," Danny said, making mock snapping motions at the girl's generous breasts, "Beverly what's-her-name here is a neighbor of mine. From Chicago. I pay her two hundred a week and room and board to be president of my Long Island fanny club. Ain't that right, honey?"

"When can we have another club conference, Danny?" the girl asked. She kissed him on the mouth.

"Fix us both another drink and we'll talk about it."

The girl got off his lap and went inside the house. Danny leered approvingly as she wiggled away, every curve in her body with movement of its own.

"I promised her a TV appearance and this is going to be it, too get back to our conversation, buddybow. It's cheaper than giving her a raise."

"Let me be frank," the executive said. "You know all the networks want to get you under permanent contract."

"So my business manager has told me. I love being fought over. Don't you?" Danny's voice was a mocking falsetto. He let a wrist hang limp.

"Danny, don't joke, the man's talking business." Mrs. Mann waved a thick finger at Danny. Silver bracelets jangled on her heavy wrist.

"Who's joking, Mal. This lovely man is trying all-out to get me, ain't you, buddybow?"

Danny Mann's father looked away. It embarrassed him when Danny acted that way, even though he knew Danny was joking. *The report from the psychiatrist at the correctional school had said, "... a very intelligent boy. His sexually aggressive behavior and desire to dominate others through constant emphasis, in action and words, of his masculinity, together with his facetious preoccupation with homosexuality, is evidently a cover-up for a latent homosexuality within himself. He feels obliged to prove his manhood through all means, both social and anti-social. This neurotic tendency could become psychotic unless put in check by a complete analysis. It is suggested. . . ."*

The network man continued talking. "The important thing is, what you do tonight will determine your future value to TV. Every network head will be watching. It's to your advantage to do it right."

"And what's right, pray tell, buddybow?" Danny asked. He had been drinking most of the morning but with Danny it was hard to judge the point where drink affected him.

"Since you ask, I'll tell you. A family-type interview is right, with just you and your folks. Fan-club presidents

aren't right. You being dressed in a quiet suit is right. The point is, you're supposed to be at home having a quiet evening with your folks. That's right with the public.

You won't be in a hall with kids who paid to get in. You'll be in the homes of thirty million people. You should act like it. And," the network man said, watching Danny drain the last drop of his gin and tonic, "being sober is right."

A plane droned overhead. Ben Mann looked up and watched it fade from view and hearing. *He shouldn't talk like that to Danny. It won't do any good. You tell Danny one thing, he'll do the opposite and it'll still work out to his advantage. Someone should have told that network fellow that. Like three years ago when Danny got drunk in a New York nightclub and during the floor show went over to the microphone and began singing. The manager was going to throw him out but the crowd kept clapping for Danny to sing some more. Most of the audience was young college kids out on the town and they were drunk, too, so the manager went along with the gag and let Danny sing. It was in Winchell's column the next day. I told Danny he'd have to stop that kind of thing or he'd end up back in jail, but he just laughed. And he had the last laugh when an agent called him. He's been singing ever since and getting paid for it. The army wouldn't take him because of his record, what the psychiatrists said, but maybe all people that can make money he makes are nuts.*

"How much money you make, buddybow?" Danny was standing now, scratching his chest. He wore very brief, tight white trunks that were laced up the side, showing open areas of flesh. He was not much over medium height but his muscular bulk gave him the look of great size. He had a weightlifter's physique from lifting weights, a sport he had cultivated while in the boys' correctional school; wide shoulders, a thick chest, and legs that seemed large and stocky but which were not quite long enough to be in perfect proportion to the rest of his body.

"Answer me, buddybow, how much money you make?"

"I don't see what that has to do with it." The network man's upper lip twitched, putting his mustache into comic motion.

"Oh! Private business, hey, buddybow? Well, I'm going to pay taxes on over a half million clams this year. And I make it a rule to never take advice from anyone who makes less money than I do. You send your big boss around, maybe I'll listen to him. Now I'm going to take a swim and then see what happened to my drink. You call me before the show starts, hear! I'll be in conference with little old Beverly. In bed."

Danny sprinted toward the pool that was built in the shape of his own profile and did a graceful racing dive into its blue-green depths.

"He's really a good boy," Mrs. Mann said to the network man.

"You shouldn't try to tell him what to do. He doesn't listen to anybody," Danny Mann's father said to the network man.

"I hope I still have a job in the morning," said the network man.

Ben Mann sat next to his wife on an expensive and uncomfortable tan leather couch and watched the television crew at their silent work. There were two cameras on rubber-tired dollies in the room, another outside on the patio and two more upstairs. Blinding white floodlights illuminated the camera areas. There seemed to be men at work everywhere: guiding the cameras, operating the sound equipment, controlling the lights.

The monitor screen Danny Mann's father watched showed blank grey. Then the familiar face of William R. Edwards came onto the screen. He was seated in a New York studio, smoking the ever-present heavy briar pipe. Behind him, in the studio, you could see monitor screens. He removed the pipe from his mouth to speak.

"Good evening," he said. "I'm Bill Edwards. The show you are about to see is *Meet The Celebrity*. It's alive, no film. Tonight we are going to visit the home to visit the home of Danny Mann, the singer, and we'll be with you in just thirty seconds, after this message.

The picture cut from the gaunt, scholarly face of William R. Edwards to that of a fleshy-faced man holding a can of oil, whose hurried sales talk contradicted Edward's measured, oracle-like manner. Danny Mann's father looked away from the monitor's screen while the commercial was delivered and saw the network man standing behind the cameras. He was smiling.

He'll probably take credit for Dann's coming around to his way of thinking—if he knew Danny the way I do he'd know he's just lucky. And he wouldn't smile until after the show. Emma looks nervous. Wish she'd stop jangling the jewelry. Wonder if Beverly what's-her-name will stay put. She had enough to drink to put me away for a week. So did Danny, but he never shows it.

"And now back to William R. Edwards and *Meet The Celebrity* the announcer said, holding the can of oil next to his cheek. Again, there was a close-up of Edwards. He removed the briar and spoke through a cloud of tobacco smoke in even, well-modulated tones.

"Danny Mann is an American phenomenon. His critics charge he has a poor singing voice. Yet in less than three years he has sold almost ten million records and reportedly earns somewhere between a half-million and a million dollars a year from record royalties and extensive personal appearances throughout the country. His fans, his critics maintain, are largely teenagers who are misguided near-delinquents. Yet he has broken both night club and auditorium attendance records for his personal appearances all over the United States, and there are a few teenagers to be found in night clubs. His voice has been called the 'sound of sex'; his singing style, the 'Mann Act'."

The camera angle changed. Behind Edwards, a monitor screen showed a picture of the Long Island home.

"Danny Mann lives in this modern glass-walled mansion on a 100-acre estate located on the North Shore of Long Island, overlooking the Sound. We'll visit him now

—Danny! Danny Mann!"

The picture cut to the swimming pool. Floodlights illuminated the entire patio and the underwater pool lights were on; Danny was seated on a bench, the water sparkling behind him. He was dressed in a conservative dark suit and striped tie. He smiled as the camera dollied in for a close-up.

"Good evening, Mr. Edwards."

"Hello, Danny. What are you up to?"

"I was just looking out at the ocean. Most nights I come out here to listen to the surf."

A camera panned along the shore line and a microphone picked up the sound of the surf. The picture returned to Danny, standing now.

"Do you use the pool much, Danny? Is that how you stay in shape?"

"Yes, I do Mr. Edwards. I like the pool better than the ocean. I never know where I'm going when I swim in the ocean."

"And you're a young man that likes to know where he's going, obviously. Tell me, Danny, isn't that pool unusually shaped?"

The close-up of Danny showed him to be becomingly embarrassed. While he talked, the picture cut to a long shot of the pool.

"Yeah, I guess you'd say so, Mr. Edwards. It's in the shape of my profile. They make them anyway these days. I expect to buy a seaplane one of these days and I wanted a pool that would be a landmark for landings. From the air most of the pools along this section of Long Island would look alike. I suppose it must seem extravagant."

He's like three different people, that boy is. Never could tell about him. He makes as much sense up there as Eddie Fisher or Perry Como, though, right now. I think most of the wrong things he did was because those doctors told him crazy things . . . telling him Emma and me never cared for him at all, made him feel unwanted when he was a boy. I gave up a lot to raise him right and it's good a kid should know about the sacrifices his folks are making to bring him up proper. We never had other kids just so Danny could have more advantages. Otherwise he never would have gotten as far along in high school as he did, which was farther along than Emma or me got. Seeing how well he did I think maybe Emma was wrong about having other kids. But you need one like Danny.

"How old are you now, Danny?"

"I'm twenty-three, Mr. Edwards. Be twenty-four the end of this month."

"Your success came rather suddenly, didn't it?"

"Yes, it did. I only began singing professionally three years ago. I certainly am appreciative of the many fans and friends that made my success possible. And without the support of my mother and father I know I would never have made it."

"Your modesty becomes you. Tell me, how do you feel about the things the critics have been saying about you?"

"I don't know what to say. All I know is when I sing I feel the music and it comes out in physical movements. Other singers and performers do just about the same thing and they haven't had nearly the amount of criti-

The nude girl was visible to 30 million people

cism I have. I suppose that article in *Confidential Facts Magazine* telling about some of the mistakes I made in the past makes people feel angry about my success. At least, some people. But I don't see how you can do things to kids just by singing."

"Do you have much night life?"

"Most nights I spend home with my folks. Otherwise I'm out on the road on singing engagements."

"Would you call your voice a rock and roll voice or the sound of sex, as it's been labeled?"

"I leave it to the press to describe what I do, Mr. Edwards. I just do it and try to lead a clean life to make up for what some people say were things I've done in the past."

"Do you think some of those wrong things, as you call them, have hurt you or helped you?"

"I guess they've given me bad press at times. I wouldn't want to think I've gotten where I have because of the mistakes I've made."

"Well, you certainly seem to have adjusted to success and I think I speak for most of our audience when I say it seems to have happened to a sensible young man."

"Thank you, Mr. Edwards."

"Could we see the rest of your home before we meet your parents?"

"Certainly, Mr. Edwards. Come with me."

The cameras followed Danny across the patio and through the large glass doors leading into the living room. Danny Mann's father turned to watch him enter. Danny winked over at them before continuing up the modern winding, brass-railed staircase, cameras trained on him. He continued talking through the microphone that was hidden in his coat. The show was now twelve minutes underway.

Danny Mann's father watched the monitor. Danny was walking down the main upstairs hall, he turned left at the large gymnasium room where there was a full-sized basketball court and complete gym equipment. Three bedrooms had adjoining doors to the gym. Danny liked to sleep in a different bedroom each night, and often at odd hours of the morning got the urge to work out in the gym, and so he had, for the sake of luxurious convenience, three bedrooms designed to adjoin the gym.

"Do you use the gym very often, Danny?"

"Well, I do a little weight-lifting and I come in sometimes when I can't sleep at night and I shoot a little basketball. I like the feeling of space around me, Mr. Edwards. I've been thinking of having some kids from a nearby orphans' home come over maybe once a week to get more use out of it than I give it."

That's certainly commendable. I think we're showing here tonight that the private life of a widely publicized but little-known public figure is a far cry from what some of the nation's less-informed journalistic critics would have you believe."

He's sure laying it on. I guess like that network man said before we went on the air this program is the means MBC is using to put Danny's best foot forward, to groom

him for his own show. They sure are doing that. Funny, Danny never mentioned those orphans before.

The fleshy-faced man delivered another motor oil commercial. *In about two minutes Danny'll be down here introducing us. I hope I can remember my lines okay. About how Danny was a little wild but a good boy. And how we worked hard to help Danny get where he is, and he is the best son in the world to us. I'm retired now and we're very happy here. Actually, I should be happier. You'd think I would be real happy with all this. But Danny's always bringing those women home and we have no right to say anything, Emma says. We're lucky he's giving us all this. But the neighbors don't even speak, except for the gardener that works in the place down the road. At least in the Bronx we had people to talk to. And Emma isn't even the same anymore with that blue hair and all that talk about society. She's no closer to it now than she was in the Bronx when she read all those society columnists, and I ran the candy store. If she's so happy, why does she always want to go back to visit the old neighborhood with me?*

The commercial ended. A split-screen picture showed Edwards puffing on his pipe, Danny Mann standing in the center of the gym.

"Danny, I know our viewers would like very much to hear you sing. Is there any possibility of your doing for us a bit of *Patent Leather Shoes*?"

"Sure, Mr. Edwards, but first let me show you around the gym a little more." He smiled broadly.

Danny walked toward a door, one of four that opened into the gym. The TV picture cut from the split screen to a close shot of Danny; the camera dollyed along behind him.

"This is one of the three bedrooms I use regularly. It fronts onto the gym. This bedroom is decorated in a kind of frontier style."

He opened the door and the camera dutifully followed him into the room. There were steer horns on the walls; there was a buffalo rug; a gun cabinet held a number of vintage rifles.

"Very nice, Danny."

"Thank you, Mr. Edwards. Let me show you another room of mine."

Danny closed the door of the frontier room, still grinning, and walked to his right where another door faced onto the gymnasium. He opened the door; the camera followed him into the brightly illuminated room.

On the floor, an empty bottle by her side, lay the spread-eagled, slowly stirring body of a naked girl, her feet towards the camera. It was Beverly.

The nude girl was visible to the audience of thirty million television viewers for a full five seconds before the camera was swung to the left by a shocked cameraman. In swinging left, the monitor downstairs and thirty million TV screens in America showed the contorted leering face of Danny Mann, and his shout was heard before the New York director could cut picture and sound.

"I won," Danny Mann screamed, "God damn it, I won!"

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Yup, it's Marilyn! Get the clue? Bus Stop? Get it? But what is that biz she's holding? No, not a mechanical milker.

Hello again, little beavers.

Here are those pieces put into their places. Did you have the right
female girl doo-dad
pieces? In the right places? My, you lads are observant, aren't you.

ANSWERS TO GUESS WHO



Diane (goddess of love) Webber was elected the nudist queen.



Anita Ekberg is currently married to good old Tony Steele.



Eve Meyer is married to Russ Meyer, famous photographer who has barrels of fun photographing his wife. Who wouldn't?



IT TAKES 2 TO MAKE MANSFIELD

"I adore being two-faced.

"It's so much fun being one Mansfield I think it would be twice as much fun to be two different Jaynes!"



"It would be easier to exercise if I had more hands, less torso."

WHAT DOES A beauty like Jayne Mansfield dream about? We got curious so we asked. Jayne, being the naturally dreamy type was only too happy to furnish us with a snore-by-snore (oops, excuse us, Jayne—just poetic license) account of what goes on once she hits the hay. We rigged the pix to match her dreams.

"It depends upon what I've been thinking about before I go to sleep and also, on what I eat. If I've been thinking about my weight (it looked great to us!) I often dream that I'm exercising. Sometimes I become two people so I can exercise faster. Once I dreamed I measured an 84. That's too much even for me, you know where."

She smiled coyly downward and we got



"I dreamed I was 84 inches all around."



"Once I dreamed I was Siamese twins. It was hard to find a double date that understood all of me."

"Does Elvis ever dream of me?"



"Sometimes I have nightmares and dream that my body is shrinking. In my business that would be bad, don't you think? Then again I'll dream I'm growing to be ten feet tall."

the idea. Funny, we thought she was fairly close to that mark. But we exaggerate.

"Sometimes, if I've eaten pizza for dinner I dream I'm two people. Maybe it's because I feel so darned stuffed."

She didn't *look* stuffed to us. At least not where pizza would show.

"If I have hot dogs for dinner, I usually dream something about dogs. Once I dreamed about Elvis Presley. He was singing me to sleep with that thing about hound dogs. I just love Elvis Presley. Don't you?"

We had no comment to make but asked for more scoop about Presley in that dream. How did he make out?

"That's a rather personal question, don't you think?"

We admitted it would all depend on how Elvis made out.

"Let's just say we made beautiful music together," she said, sighing so effectively.

We started to hum and shake a la Presley but Jayne only wrinkled her brow. Lucky Elvis, we thought. Ever dream of other men?

"Not often. Dreaming is not the same as for real. I once dreamt I was ten feet tall. It was tough to find another man in the dream the same height. I guess it's because I just love tall men."

She looked up at us. Then she stood up and looked down. Rather depressing. We stood on tiptoes. We said goodbye, tip-toeing out. •



"Being two people would be tough when taking a shower."



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THIS PICTURE

WE THOUGHT and fought
and sought for the proper
title for this picture. Finally,
the editor gave up on it and
decided to throw the whole
thing wide open to all comers.
It's easier than doing it on our
own and less work, too.

Send in *your* choice to the
editor. You won't win a thing,
but think of all the gee-whiz fun
you'll have making like a cap-
tion-writer.

Here are some hints: in the
picture is a brick wall, a wowee
girl, and a kitty-cat. Would you
call it Bricks, Girl and Cat?
That's arty. Or Girl Holding
White Pussy In Alley? That
could get you in trouble, accus-
ing that pretty white pussy of
being an alley cat. We're wait-
ing to hear from all you cats. •

The paws that refreshes? The cat's
meow? You can do better than that!



A classic ribald story from the pen of Boccaccio,
Italy's famous teller of tall and torrid tales —

THE VAT

THERE LIVED in Naples a poor man who took as his wife a most lovely fashioned woman by the name of Maria. By trade the poor man, named Nicola, was a mason and barrel maker; Maria brought in a few pennies by spinning.

It happened one morning, a fair day in June, that a young blood of the neighborhood saw Maria at her window wearing little and smiling much, and she pleased him well, and he fell in love with her and soon by one fashion and another became familiar with her as young lads will. They readily found occasion to see one another on every opportunity when husband Nicola was away. Gino, the lad of hot blood, noted the time of the husband's arriving and leaving and visited with Maria on those hours when he knew the husband to be gone, the street where she lived, called Filigare, being a quiet and empty one. This they did many times.

One morning, the good Nicola having gone away to business, Gino entered the house and got with Maria in no little haste into the bed of straw. It chanced that the husband returned home at an early hour finding the door locked from within. He knocked and said to himself, "Praised be to God, I have a most faithful and honest wife. See how she bolts the door as soon as I go out, so none might annoy her."



Maria, who knew her husband's heavy knock, said to Gino, "Alas, Gino lover, I will be killed. It is my husband. Get into yonder vat while I see why it is he has returned at such an early hour."

Gino, with no small haste and with no clothes to his back, scrambled into the vat while Maria hurriedly wrapped herself in clothes before opening the door.

"Why is it you return home so early?" questioned Maria of her husband, who stood placidly on the doorstep, thinking not amiss although his wife's clothing was disarranged from the hasty pulling on, as was her hair and other appendage portions which did not show. And in truth, the same hasty disarrangement from pulling might and might not be said of Gino, who was hot waxing cold, esconced in the vat without clothing, but such are the patterns of the flesh.

"What is there to do here," Maria asked of her husband, "that you return. Why are you not at market and at work? Know you not that I, who do nothing but spin and spin all day and night till my flesh is torn, give myself and all so that we may live? Can you not do the same instead of returning home from work with your hands at your sides? We must live, must we not?"

And so saying she fell weeping and went on. "Alas I am so unhappy. Why was I born to work for you when I could have had a young man of much value instead of marrying this fellow you turned out to be. Other women give themselves of good times with their many lovers, some four and five and yet I am loyal to you, wretch that I am. But because I am a good wife I suffer. And understand, husband of mine, if I had a mind to do ill of you, I could soon find the brisk fellows to love me with hands and arms and mouth and body strong and young and thick and long and — and fellows who would proffer money and dresses and jewels of my choice; but my heart would not permit me to do that for I am most faithful to you, wreck my heart. Yet here you come when you should be at work."

"Wife, wife," answered Nicola, "don't fret, do not fret. I know what manner of a woman you are. I have had proof merely by returning from the market and finding that the door is bolted from the inside. It happens that this is the feast day of San Galeon and there is no work to be had and the market is empty; that is why I have returned. But I have meanwhile found the means whereby we will have the price of bread for another month, for I sold yonder vat to Senor Lembon for eleven florins. You will admit it has encumbered our home for too many months now.

Said Maria, "Which gives me even more cause for complaint. You, a man for the world and the marketplace have sold the vat for eleven florins, whereas I, a poor silly woman who have scarcely been ever out from the home, have sold it for fourteen florins to an honest man, who is now in the vat for the purpose of inspection. My reason for delay in answering the door is that the gentleman removed his clothing so as not to get them soiled within the vat. Meanwhile, being chaste and modest and not wanting to discourage a sale, I went into the bedroom alone so as to permit him to inspect the vat without embarrassment on either part. He, being a true gentleman, has hidden himself within the depths of the vat, and I would be happy if you would proffer him his clothing now that I am returned to the room."

The husband, having suffered the verbal brickbats of his wife, now was hopeful to gather himself back into her good graces and gave no thought to the actualities of the circumstance of a nude man in the same home with his lone wife. Also, the thought of the fourteen florins clouded his mind. Within the barrel, Gino heard all and became aware of how he should react. He emerged, to the shoulders, from the vat.



"Pray, good woman, give me my clothes. I thought you were to be in the other room so that I could inspect this vat at my leisure. I am most put out at being seen by so modest a lady in this state."

Nicola hurriedly gave the man his clothes, hefting the pants for weight of gold. Within the barrel, Gino clothed himself and emerged, speaking meanwhile.

"Who are you, good man?" Gino asked.

"I," Nicola answered, "am the husband of this good woman and it is with me that you can complete the transaction."

"In that instance, good man," Gino said, "I would like to comment on the construction of the vat. It seems sound enough, but it seems also to me that you have kept dregs or the like within it for it is overcrusted at the bottom. I don't think I would accept it unless it was made fully clean."

"I will do it," Nicola said, removing his coat, and entering the vat with a scraping tool. "It will not take me overly long." He took to scraping the vat bottom with a will, and while doing, Maria peered into the vat, leaning in with all of an arm and a shoulder, and began saying, "Scrape it here," and "Scrape it there," and "See where there is some left."

While engaged in thus directing her husband, showing him where to wield his tool, Gino, who as yet that day had not had an opportunity to satiate his full desire with Maria when they had been interrupted by the husband's coming, took it upon himself to accomplish the end to which he had come, as best he might, in the one position that offered itself in the circumstances. Wherefore he boarded her, as she held the top of the vat closed down, after the fashion of the unbridled, hot-blooded stallions of the plains, afire with passion, that race to and assail the mares of the Parthian flat lands. With much movement and heavy impression from the rear, panting Maria was caused to point in two and three ways at the same spot of muck which her husband was ascraping at, while more amuck was behappening from the vat's exterior and Maria's posterior. In this fashion the ardor of Gino and that of Maria also, if full truth be known, was fully and most amply satisfied. The perfection of their horse-sized and styled passion was brought to its full climax well night at the same moment clod-minded Nicola was finishing with the scraping of the vat. Whereupon Gino dismounted, becoming disattached from his perch and Maria withdrew her head from the vat at the same instant. And with all in modest arrangement once again, Nicola emerged wet and replete with soft muck which dripped on to the floor and mingled with other muck which had dropped from the ample container, or so it seemed to be.

Then Maria said to Gino, "Sirrah, look into this wooden container and see if it be clean and free of residue accomplished by the ready and accomplished scraping it has received at this time." Gino peered into the vat, and said that he was extremely well satisfied and that the container was truly now to his liking and would hold all the horse flesh he could pack into it, which was his purpose in buying it. Then he prevailed upon Nicola to carry the well-scraped vat to his own house, winking a sly eye closed toward the beauteous and radiant and now well-satisfied Maria as he left with Nicola.



"Sure, you can take me home, where do you live?"

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PLASTIC SURGEONS WORK ON WOMEN

ON PAGE 24





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